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BESIDE THE WELL

MARGARET E. SANGSTER

To the well's broad rim, in the evening dim,
Came the dusky mothers with babes at breast.
And the woman fair, who was waiting there,
Told them the story of love and rest.

She had learned those words, like the songs of birds,
In a sweet far land, where Christ was King,
Where the world was bright, in the beautiful light,
Our Saviour came from His heaven to bring.

But they had no clue to the things she knew,
These sad-faced mothers whom care and pain
Had marked their own, in that tropic zone,
Where the gods of the heathen sternly reign.

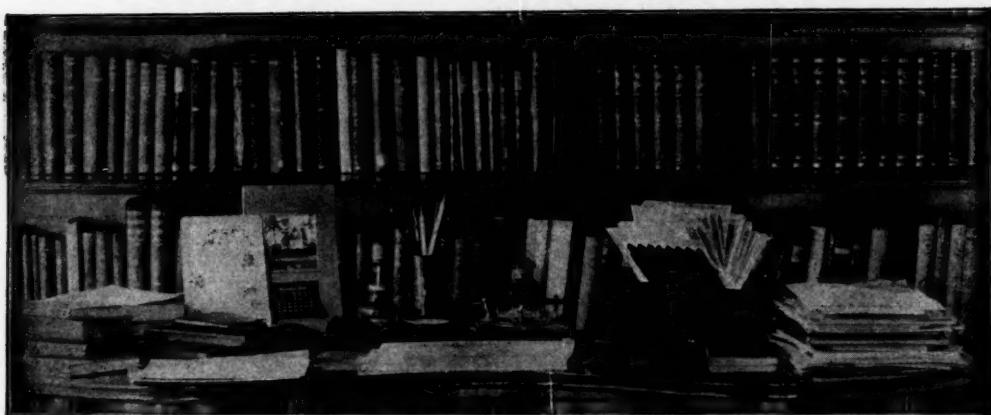
And she vainly tried, till at last supplied,
By a tender thought sent from above,
Over and over, she said and prayed,
And she gently said it, "God is Love!"

"As you love the son, your precious one,
You hold in your arms, in joy and pride,
So God loves *you!* With a love that knew
The way to seek o'er the world so wide."

And the gracious tale, that can never fail,
To win the heart, when it enters in,
Brought tears to the eyes, made day-dawn rise,
To the women, lost in that night of sin.

Oh! sisters mine, will ye not resign
Some flitting pleasure, that one above,
May see you send, by the hand of a friend,
This word to the desolate, "God is Love!"





From the Editor's Desk

"The best Annual Meeting I ever attended," were the words we heard of the one just closed as we write these lines from the desk. It is already too late to tell the story this month. You shall read it in October. But we must speak of a few things: The general excellence of the reports, the loving fellowship of the workers, who are, in fact, like one family, while facing and ready to accept new relationships when the time is ripe; the retirement of our beloved President, Mrs. Mary A. Davis, after twenty-four years of faithful serving and dignified presiding; her election as Honorary President, with Mrs. L. M. P. Durgin of Minnesota as President, Mrs. Alma M. Cousins of Maine, Vice President-at-Large, and Miss Lena S. Fenner of Rhode Island, Corresponding Secretary—Mrs. Milliken having resigned because of home cares: a very representative, efficient group of officers. Our Treasurer was greatly missed, but all rejoiced with her in these months of enrichment by foreign travel, and were thankful for our capable Assistant Treasurer, who presented an encouraging financial report. We give space in these pages to extracts from Miss DeMeritte's personal letters, received too late to appear elsewhere, because we know that you are eager to read them: "We were in the cathedral at Antwerp, studying Rubens, during a very heavy thunder shower. How it rained and hailed and how the thunder reverberated through the big cathedral. Suddenly there was a heavy, crashing sound. It startled the people within, and one young woman ran screaming from the building; then all was still again, save the repeated peals of thunder. As soon as the storm subsided we went out. There we saw people looking at the very high tower of the cathedral—over three hundred feet high—and we looked too, only to see the top bent

and the stone blackened. In short, the lightning struck the tower, and again we felt the keeping power of God. . . . Mrs. Metcalf gave me a little book of prayers for this journey, and, singularly and beautifully, the prayer for July 19, the day we visited the Peace Conference Palace at The Hague, is as follows: 'God of all, wilt Thou bless all the families of the earth. Remove the things that make for division. Create the common purpose that makes for peace. Destroy the selfishness that engenders strife. Extend the reign of the spirit of love.' . . . August 7. We are beautifully located just now, in the midst of Alpine scenery, on Lake Lucerne. We expect to leave here tomorrow for Interlaken. We shall soon go to Italy and expect to sail from Naples September 21, on the steamship Carpathia. Our home voyage will take fourteen days.

. . . Dr. Mary Bacheler writes, from Balasore: "We are at the beginning of the rainy season. Farmers are busy in the fields. Rice is the great crop in this part of the country, as all the people eat it twice a day or more. The new missionaries are dear, good girls. They are doing finely with their Oriya. As language study is their first work, everyone is much pleased at their doing so well. Theoretically, the missionaries are supposed to have at least a year free for this study, but in our mission, short-handed as we are apt to be, it is more likely to be only six months. . . . You know that Miss Dawson has married an English Baptist missionary and has gone to a comparatively new station to work in Oriya, and also among an aboriginal people whose language she will have to learn. Six of us from our Mission went down to Berhampore, Ganjam District, to the wedding, which passed off very nicely—a pretty wedding from beginning to end. Dr. Kennan went to give the bride away and Mrs. Kennan went with him. Miss Coe was a charming bridesmaid, and the rest of us were just friends of the bride. Miss Dawson's leaving the Mission and her work made it necessary to make several changes. Mrs. Hamlen took over her Bible women and Hindu work and I was transferred from Midnapore to Balasore and am taking the Widows' Home and Zenana work. Did you know of the long, sad sick time we had in the Orphanage? We got to be greatly interested in our little patients, and also in the older girls who came in and gave us efficient help day and night. None of the others seem quite so dear as these for whose lives we worked so hard. The girls as a whole interest me greatly, and Miss Coe, who is in charge of the school, is going to let me give them a little talk every week. My first thought was the desire to interest them in temperance, not that any of them are in any personal danger of learning to drink, but I feel that we owe it to them to get them as well grounded as possible while they are in our hands, so that when they go out into the world they may be able to give several good reasons for the hope that is in them. As occasion seems to indicate I will talk to them about other things as well.

A Missionary Tour

(By Rev. Herbert E. Wyman.)

PRAYER AND MEDITATION.

How long, Oh Christ, shall this old world, time worn,
 Reject Thy love with every sign of scorn?
 How long Thy virgin birth deny,
 Thy right to pardon and to rule defy?

How long shall men, in idol worship mad,
 Despise Thee living or reject Thee dead?
 How long shall Mammon be of great repute;
 Thy rights infringe, and every claim dispute?

Haste Thou the coming of the joyous day
 When everywhere the world shall own thy sway—
 Yet tarry, Lord, while yet I breathe a prayer,
 And my cold heart with love and praise prepare.

THE GOING FORTH.

A willing hand to push against the tide,
 A hand that's ready,
 A hand that's steady,
 A hand to send the ripples floating wide.



MISSION BOAT "INDIANA," GHATAL CITY IN BACKGROUND

A hand to take the truth where truth is not,
 A hand that's strong,
 A hand 'gainst wrong,
 A hand that Heavenly strength has sought.

Our battle this, against a surging flood
 That ebbs and flows
 With human woes,
 An evil stream to overcome with good.

But now a wind and now a friendly tide
 Gives place and scope,
 Gives heart and hope,
 And so we upward, ever onward ride,
 To homes and men who live beside the stream,
 Who thinking try—
 And trying die—
 To think the facts of Life into a dream.

So to the oar give faith and heart and song,
 Give faith and fact,
 In word and act,
 And with the living truth to right the wrong.

OUR JOURNEY.

We pass the potter stooping o'er the clay
 And see the earth the master hand obey;
 We hear the rhythm of the tapping blow
 That beats nor breaks but, beating, shapes it so.

And here the fishers' nets spread deep and wide
 To gather harvests from the sweeping tide,
 While there the tiller of the fertile soil
 Standing, beholds the fruitage of his toil.

Here toils the smith, and here the merchants deal,
 Here is an anchor shaped and there a keel;
 Here women cooking by a glowing fire,
 There smoking embers of a funeral pyre.

And all is bright and some are even gay,
 And all is life without the Living Way;
 And here are souls to live and souls to die;
 Stop; drop the anchor, lest we pass them by.

AT ANCHOR.

Our boat at her moorings doth silently ride;
 Above, the bright moonlight, below, the dark tide.
 Like bright polished weapons the wet bamboos
 gleam
 On the crescent-shaped boats that glide o'er the
 stream.

With song and with cymbal and bright torches' glare,
 The gaudy dressed idols their devotees bare;
 To a shrine by the river the boats hasten by,
 And in tumult and clamor with each other vie.
 And ripples enchanted catch each gleam of light
 Until thousands of torches illumine the night.
 So we swing at our moorings and send up our prayers
 To the Father who watches, who knows and who cares,
 That sin and its follies may pass as a dream
 And be cast like those idols in Time's rapid stream,*
 To pass out forever from mind and from sight,
 Like the boats that glide by us out into the night;
 That truth may shine in with its life-giving light,
 In beams ever brighter till endeth the night.

OUR INTRODUCTION.

Where art thou going, and where is thy home?
 How camest thou, and wherefore art thou come?
 Art thou a Christian and come here to preach,
 And what hast thou the Brahmins do not teach?
 Our Christ is Krishna and we worship him;
 You come in vain another name to bring.
 You come to speak of faith? We also faith do know,
 And he whose faith is firm to future bliss will go.
 You tell about good-works and so our teachers do,
 For works will Heaven win if done with that in view.
 And would you dare to teach that he who changes
 faith
 Hath not a traitor proved who well deserves his death?
 Who is my neighbor? That low-born, soulless one,
 Rakhall the tanner? on him, curses, and his son!
 He brings diseases to our very door with evil eye
 and charm,
 He ate my son, my rice-crop; he has done me harm.

*These idols are cast into the river after having been worshipped for a time.—H. E. W.

And I should love that fox, that wolf, that fiend,
And love him truly as I love my son—my friend?

And you say Jesus did it, and can prove
He, dying, cursed not them who shed His blood?

You say He loved them? Written in the Word?
It seems too hard for man and worthy God.

* * * * *

To love our God with strength and mind is good,
To love our neighbors might profit if we could.

And you say Christ can help till we the lesson learn?
Then preach and teach; such truth can do no harm.

THE SEED IS THE WORD.

Blessed are the pure in heart,
For they their Maker see;
Come with your sins to the Son of God
And he will make you free.

Our sins have hid the vision
Of the blessed, holy face,
Our sins have forged a fetter
To hold from the Holy place.

Jesus, the God Incarnate,
Came not to slay His foes;
He came to die and pardon,
To suffer all our woes.

Then come, O heavy laden,
To His warm and loving breast;
Take the light yoke He offers,
And come into your rest.

THE SEED SPRINGING UP.

Why came they not within my father's time?

Why came this word of life so late?

Why came it not when I was but a child,
Before the ties of life had sealed my fate?

My family ties forbid a change of caste,
And they would count me as among the dead—
I know no other than my father's trade—
How should I toil, how earn my daily bread?

The Brahmins would beset my every path
With curse and taunt and evil deed,—
My life is like the stony ground,
I fear I cannot keep the precious Seed.

If I had someone to remain with me,
A brother of the faith—a friend—
I could endure the parting and the shame;
I could be faithful to the very end.

Why came they here to wake in me that voice—
 Why came to wake me from that sinful sleep—
 Why came and tarry not with me
 To help the long, lone, weary vigil keep?

Oh, Christ, the gentle, loving, mighty God,
 Have mercy, Lord, and aid and pity me;
 Send them again to teach me from Thy Word
 And lead my faltering footsteps up to Thee!

"Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that
 He send forth laborers into His harvest."

Chandipore, India.

Experiences in India

(A TALK BY MRS. MARY R. PHILLIPS, AT THE INTERDENOMINATIONAL MEDICAL MISSIONARY CONERENCE.)

I thought yesterday afternoon as I saw the company of young medical students coming into the room, I could not keep my seat,—I must get up and wave my handkerchief and shout, "Welcome to India, or welcome to Africa, welcome to any land that needs you." I think if there is any one thing I have desired to be above others, it has been to be a doctor. If I could study medicine today, if I could command the time, old as I am, I would begin that most interesting study; and now that you are just preparing yourselves for this work abroad, I hope that you are not in the condition of the lady who was talking with me about foreign and home missions at one time. She said, "I really believe I could go to the foreign field, but I don't believe I have grace enough to be a home missionary." Now, if you have not grace enough to be home missionaries, you will not do for the foreign field. Probably the first question that was asked of the nurse this morning by all these doctors, concerning their patients, was, "How is he?" or "How is she?" Now, that is just the question on this little bit of program here—"What is the condition of the woman in India?" Dr. Smith told us about the coming of the babies in China. When the baby comes in India they put it out of doors. I have seen the little things just a few hours old laid out in the bright sun, and it is a wonder their eyes weren't put out—that sun is so intense. Then the little thing is taken in by a hot fire, and certain formula or ceremony is gone through with. Many other things I might tell you of a similar nature in regard to the treatment of these tiny children. When the marriage day comes, it is in India as you have been told it is in China—the young people themselves have no voice whatever in the

matter. But Christian girls do have. What a happy day it was for us all when we had a little room set apart for our young orphan girls where they could see their lovers and decide whether they wanted to marry them or not. I remember one time when I stepped into a Hindu school, of seeing a very bright looking little girl running all around the room with her wedding garments on. She was to be married that night. She had stolen a march on her mother and had gotten on all her bright things and was showing the little girls how she was going to look.

The amount of jewelry worn by the bride is sometimes astounding—the nose, ears, neck, arms, waist and ankles are all bedecked with all sorts of jewels. In the central part of India, up near Delhi, very beautiful jewelry is made, and it is sometimes very expensive. The little brides have about the same experience with the mother-in-law as in China. If she is naturally kind-hearted, they have a good time; if it is the reverse, they have a hard time. I was teaching a young woman who had a little son four years old, one morning, and asked her to do something—to read, I think it was,—and she made no response. I urged her, coaxed her, did everything I could think of, but she would not answer me. She sat as still as if she were dead, and made no movement whatever to do anything I asked her to. By and by the mother-in-law, whom I had not noticed or thought of, stepped out of the room, and the girl instantly caught my dress, and said, "There, she is gone, now I will talk to you. Though I have been here all these years, I have never once spoken in the presence of my mother-in-law without her permission. She gave me no permission to read this morning, and so I could not read."

The difference between the little girl widows in India and those in China is very, very great. You have heard that they were respected in China. It is just the reverse, as you have also heard, in India. I was reading the other day about the conquered Gibraltar of paganism. India was described as being a land of famine, plague, and child marriage, infanticide and sutti. The two latter have been abolished by law, but they still remain in force in many places. But the cruel life these little widows often are obliged to lead, though not always, in their own homes, where they are perfect little slaves, is well called *the cold sutti*. In some cities there are thousands of widows, many of them from Bengal, who suppose they will get to heaven all the faster if they give themselves entirely to the priests. Here is a state of things that is so dreadful you can scarcely conceive of it.

I have asked many people if they knew what a zenana was, and I very seldom have received the right answer. To put it briefly, it is an apartment where high caste women stay the most of their lives. In going over to Afghanistan, my guide pointed out a beautiful villa in the distance, and he said, "Many a little bride has crossed that threshold just once." They go in and never come out. Take a little room,—say eight by twelve, put into it one or two little windows,—not exactly windows, but openings with sticks across them, very much as you will see in a jail,—put a mat in the center of it, hang the room with cobwebs and fill it with smoke, and you have the private apartment of the high caste lady. It was our privilege to go into the first zenanas open to missionary women, when my sister and I first went out to India in 1864. There we found a little bride, and when her husband brought her to us, she came very quickly and gave us her hand. But when we tried to talk with her, we could get no response. There was no mother-in-law present, and she had one of the kindest of Hindu husbands. We hadn't been in the country very long, and we feared our language lacking and that she could not understand us. Not a word could we get until by and by the husband came to our relief and said it was not the custom for a lady to speak in the presence of her husband, so he would leave the room and then she would talk with us. And the moment he left the room, she did talk to us in a most cordial way. It was not because she was afraid of her husband—it was the cruel Indian custom, and custom in India is the most terrible tyrant that I know.

India itself is such a paradoxical land, I should like to take you up to Mount Zenza where you could see, off in the distance, one hundred and fifty miles away, Mt. Everest, the highest point of land on earth,—the pinnacle of the world. I wish you could stand there at five o'clock in the morning,—it is just wonderful—the silence at that time in the morning,—and see the red light of the rising sun just coming up. It catches Mt. Everest, then another mountain which seems to be nearer the great White Throne than anything else I have even seen; and it comes on to the lower peaks, peak after peak, until it comes down into the valleys and shines on the cities of the plains and the jungles,—here you get one of the most magnificent, sublime views in the whole world. And it seems to me just a type of what India is going to be. It is climbing up year by year, is coming up and up like the sun on the mountains,—it is coming up in whiteness, in purity. If you could look down into those cities, those

plains, and see the little ones that have been saved by Christ,—saved by the efforts of faithful missionaries, faithful doctors, faithful institutions,—then you could tell how fast the work is going on.

I cannot tell you the blessed changes that we have seen in these last forty years. I must speak of just two or three names. The name that comes to my mind as one of the greatest women in all India, is Pundita Ramabai with 2,000 students in her school, sixty of whom have been sent out to do evangelistic work. And Dr. Anna Thoburn—she was a very dear friend of mine, and one of the most beautiful women I ever met, with a winsomeness that any woman might well covet. How she drew us all to her; how ready she was to speak up on any and every occasion in public and in private, giving herself with such abandon to any one she was trying to help or to heal, until her own life went out. Another one that should not be forgotten was Dr. Mary Seeley, who left a magnificent home in Cleveland, where everything she desired could have been hers, and went into the zenanas as one of the first doctors to enter them. Though her personal features and face were not so beautiful as Mrs. Thoburn's, she perhaps had as great an influence, and toward the last she went up into the mountains and there passed away.

I must speak of another in our own home. My name is Phillips, but you know I am not a Phillips except by marriage, so I have a right to speak of the Phillipses just as I like. And I would like to tell you about Dr. Nellie Phillips, who was one of the women who won her way among the natives with a power and a strength and grace that stand to-day. I would like to take you to old Santipur, and put you into any hut you can find there, and let you see the hearts beat faster at her appearance, and you would know what she did for those people. The last day of her life in her own station, thirty miles away from white people—O, the loneliness of that old jungle station! I could tell you stories about Santipur that would make you wonder how she ever lived there, but she did,—the very last day of her life in Santipur, when preparations were being made for her to go under the doctor's care at another station, a Rajah sent a note saying, "If you will take your teachers and your preachers, and your singers, and your young women, and your servants, anybody, everybody, that can preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and come out into our district, I will pay all expenses. My elephants, my tents, my houses, my anything that you want, is at your disposal; take your company and come and preach to us of Jesus Christ." She had

been a doctor in his family, and had won her way to his confidence. But there was a better home in preparation for her. And the Great Physician is sending younger ones to do her work. My dear young friends, if there is one thing more than another that I want to say to you, in welcoming you to this land of trials and triumphs, it is *May you be Christlike*. When you are so tired you can not pray for anything else, just say, "Make me like Thyself, O, Lord," and it will come out all right somehow.—Reported in the *Medical Missionary*.

From the Ranks of the Indifferent

This interesting story is quite as suggestive to subscribers of the *HELPER* as to those of our dear sister magazine, the *Tidings*.—Editor.

Mrs. Nesbit adjusted her hat and pushed back a refractory lock of hair nervously, then gently pushed the button which rang an electric bell in the Hargraves' elegant apartments. Her nervousness was not due to any fear of entering the fine rooms, or any feeling of timidity about the reception she would meet, for she and Mrs. Hargrave were very good friends and exchanged calls frequently. A business call, however, was quite different, and she was calling this time in her new role of chairman of the *Missionary Tidings* committee.

Mrs. Abbott, who had served long and faithfully in the capacity, had resigned, saying that she thought a change might prove beneficial in working up a larger list of subscribers.

"They have grown so accustomed to me asking them year after year to subscribe or renew that from force of habit they have the same speech ready when they see me coming," she said. "I can't increase the list, and I want to see it done. Perhaps a new chairman who will do the calling will arouse some who are not interested, or at least compel them to think up some new excuses. I don't want to shirk, and I'll help the new chairman in every way that I can, but I want to slip into the background for awhile."

In looking over the lists of names Mrs. Nesbit had found Mrs. Hargrave's name on the list of indifferent members; but there was a tiny crossmark beside the name, and Mrs. Abbott explained that hers was a peculiar form of indifference.

"She is generous, just as generous as she can be," Mrs. Abbott said.

"When I call to ask her about subscribing, she reaches for her purse and says, 'Certainly. Put me down for two subscriptions, and send them to two women who will enjoy having it.' She has been doing that ever since she came here to live, but when I venture to suggest that she ought to read it herself, she always says that she is too busy and has too many things to read. What she lacks is interest, and I'm hoping you can arouse that."

Mrs. Nesbit shook her head doubtfully. "I'm sure I needn't hope to interest her if you failed," she said anxiously.

So it was with a little tremor of nervousness that she stated her business, after her hostess had greeted her cordially, and they had chatted for a time over recent social affairs, future club duties and other things of mutual interest.

The *Tidings*? Oh, yes, Mrs. Abbott always came to see me about it. I will still pay for two subscriptions, and let you send them where you think they will do the most good."

Mrs. Nesbit swallowed a lump in her throat, then said bravely: "I'd much rather you paid for just one and kept it yourself. I think each member of the auxiliary ought to have a copy in her home."

Mrs. Hargrave glanced at the library table laden with all of the latest and best current literature, and laughed lightly as she asked: "Do you think the table will hold one more each month? I seldom find time to read all that is there now, but I skim through it each month, for I feel that I must keep up with the times, you know."

"Yes," Mrs. Nesbit answered thoughtfully, "that is our duty—to keep up with all that is highest and best, and our Christian Woman's Board of Mission's work certainly holds a place in that class."

Mrs. Hargrave glanced at her curiously. "It certainly is a good work, but one couldn't be intensely interested in that class of literature. Of course I never said anything like this to Mrs. Abbott, because—well, because I supposed that she really was in earnest about it. She doesn't belong to any clubs, and is not in society much. A woman must have something to occupy her mind and time, so I supposed she had taken up the cause of the *Missionary Tidings* for lack of something better. I always let her talk all she wanted to, and I paid for two subscriptions, but I wouldn't agree to read it. It is all about people and places that I know nothing whatever about, and of course I couldn't get interested in it.

I'm sure I can't see why you have taken it up, with all your duties and pleasures. I can't believe you are interested in that queer, dry little magazine."

"Indeed, I am interested in it," Mrs. Nesbit rejoined warmly. "I am positively hungry for it each month, and read it from cover to cover. I can hardly wait until I find time to read it. As you say, I have many other interests in life, but I allow nothing to conflict with my work in the Missionary Society, and I could not do intelligent work there without the *Tidings*."

Just then the doorbell rang and the postman left a quantity of mail for the Hargraves. Mrs. Hargraves laid the letters on the secretary, the magazines on the already over-burdened library table, but grasped eagerly a very common-looking paper with her own name on the wrapper. "It is the weekly paper from Bartonville," she explained. "If you will excuse me for a moment I will just glance through it. I am always so anxious to know what the folks are doing I can hardly wait to get the wrapper off. I am especially anxious this week because they have been working so hard for the local option election. It was held after last week's paper went to press. It was to be decided last Saturday whether or not the town would have a public library; and the announcement was to be made of the date for the dedication of the new church. Oh, here is the editorial about the election, and good for old Barton county—it's dry! And they are to have a library! I'm so glad. And the dedication will be the first of next month, just when I had planned to go back for a visit. Isn't that great? And what a string of locals! It seems that everyone I ever knew back there got into the paper this week."

She laid the paper down reluctantly, saying in apologetic tone, "I hope you won't think me rude, for I just had to see the news."

Mrs. Nesbit picked up the paper and glanced at it critically. "How much does it cost you a year?" she asked.

"A dollar and fifty cents, but I would have it if it cost ten times that much," Mrs. Hargraves answered warmly.

Mrs. Nesbit held the paper nearer the light, glanced critically up and down the columns, then said: "I wouldn't care to read it; it looks dry and uninteresting and queer. I don't see how you can be interested in all those people and the things they are doing in Barton county."

Mrs. Hargrave was regarding her with a startled, hurt expression on

her face. "It doesn't look queer nor dry to me," she said, with a quiver in her voice. "I couldn't help being interested in all the things that are being done for the good of Barton county, for it is very dear to me. You would care for the people, too, if you only knew them." A tear rolled down her cheek and splashed on her hand.

Mrs. Nesbit was by her side instantly, saying penitently: "Oh, my dear, I have hurt you so, and the very worst part of it is that I did it purposely. I wasn't casting any reflections on your people, dear, for I have always thought it the loveliest trait of your character, your holding to the little town you came from, and being so loyal to the people who were your friends. Can't you see why I did such a cruel thing? I wanted to make you realize what it is that makes things of interest to us. Can't you see how I turned your criticism of the *Tidings* and used it on your own paper? You say that I would care for the people and the doings of Barton county if I only knew them, and I feel sure——"

A light broke over Mrs. Hargrave's face as she interrupted: "If I knew and cared about the Christian Woman's Board of Missions and its work and workers I wouldn't find the *Missionary Tidings* uninteresting. I had never thought of it in that way. I accept the rebuke, and I will let you send three copies this year, two to women who already appreciate it, and one to a woman who will try to learn more of its worth."

It was almost a year later, when Mrs. Nesbit was making out a list of names of those upon whom she intended to call during the week to ask for renewals for the *Tidings*. The doorbell rang, and going to the door she found her caller to be Mrs. Hargrave. During the year they had continued to be the best of friends, but no mention of the *Tidings* had been made in their frequent conversations. There was a merry twinkle in Mrs. Hargrave's eyes as she laid three shining half-dollars on the table beside Mrs. Nesbit's list of names.

"I was afraid you had forgotten me," she said, "and I don't want to miss a number. No, I am not joking. I was never more in earnest in my life. I've learned to care for the *Tidings* almost in the same way that you do. I have attended almost every meeting of the auxiliary this year, you know, and I found out why you need the *Tidings*. Why, one might as well try to be a teacher without any textbook, or a dressmaker without any fashion magazines, as to try to be an auxiliary worker without the *Tidings*. I had never felt the need of it because I had never worked at

the trade of missions. When I heard at the meetings about any of the work or workers, I went to work and read all I could find about it, and the more I read the more interested I became. I have read all I could find about our missionaries, and, actually, their letters seem like personal letters to me, and I'm as interested in the progress of the work as if it all depended on me. The *Missionary Tidings* has come to hold the most important place on my library table because I need it so often. When I tried to figure out how I came to be such a staunch supporter of the *Tidings*, it reminded me of that old round about the farmer who wanted more land, to raise more corn, to raise more hogs, to buy more, land, etc., for I needed to read the *Tidings*, to gain more knowledge, to gain more love for the work, to gain more interest in the *Tidings*."

Mrs. Nesbit laughed happily with her caller, feeling that the whole year had not been a waste of time if she had gained for the *Missionary Tidings* and the work it represents only one such enthusiastic and loyal supporter from the ranks of the indifferent.—*Missionary Tidings*.

In Memoriam

"They know the truth our hearts but dimly guess,
How God's great purpose folds about us all."

Mrs. Adelia Wilson Jackson, South Litchfield, Michigan, Auxiliary.
February 23, 1910.

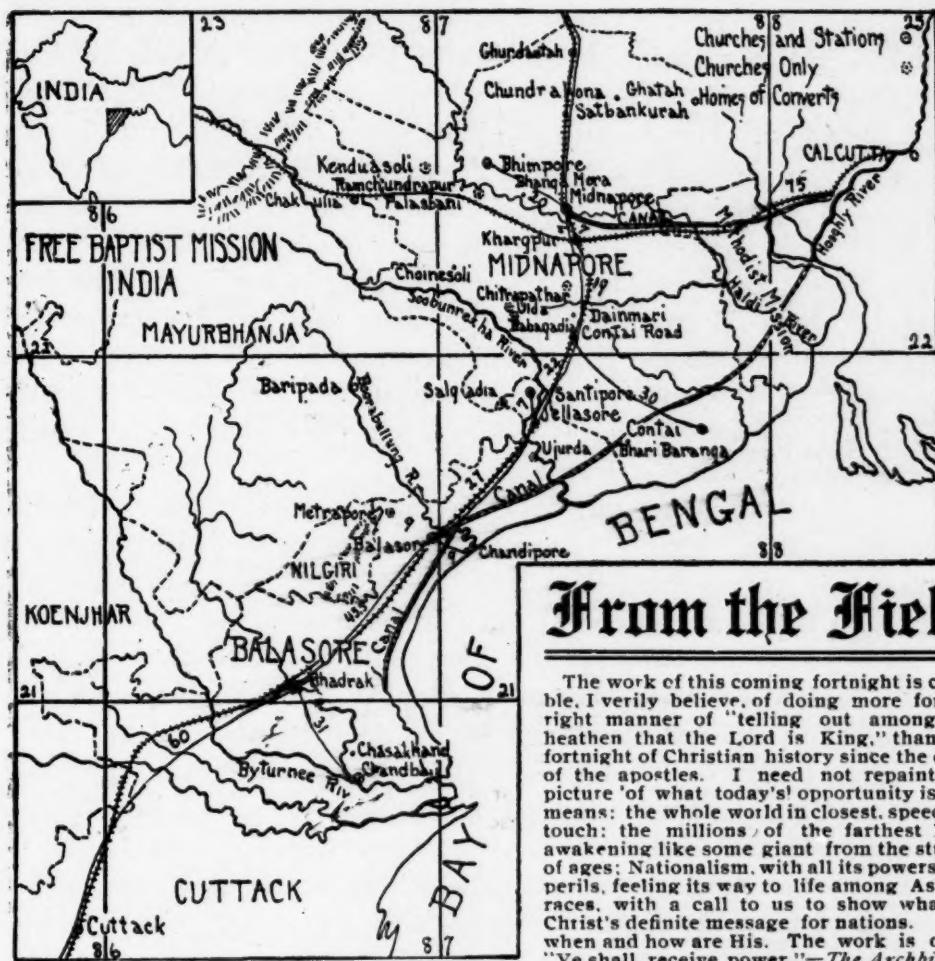
Mrs. Gilbert Horten, West Oneonta, New York, April 9, 1910.

Mrs. Hattie I. Hill, Center Strafford, N. H., May 25, 1910.

NOTE—When a member of an Auxiliary passes on, it is fitting that the name, place of residence and date of death should appear under "In Memoriam." Resolutions and obituaries are not printed in THE HELPER.

WANTED—Correspondence with persons having old papers for mission work. Over 1,000 families in our district needing them. Send us no literature, but write for name and address and send directly to a frontier home. Much good can be done in this way. Address:

Rev. B. A. Loving, Woodward, Okla.



From the Field

The work of this coming fortnight is capable, I verily believe, of doing more for the right manner of "telling out among the heathen that the Lord is King," than any fortnight of Christian history since the days of the apostles. I need not repaint the picture of what today's opportunity is and means: the whole world in closest, speediest touch: the millions of the farthest East awakening like some giant from the stupor of ages; Nationalism, with all its powers and perils, feeling its way to life among Asiatic races, with a call to us to show what is Christ's definite message for nations. The when and how are His. The work is ours. "Ye shall receive power."—The Archbishop of Canterbury, at the Edinburgh Conference.

After Many Days

It is Sunday evening and a little crowd has gathered at the steps of the tank in the Mission Compound. They have come to witness a baptism. At the head of the steps stand the Pastor and Rev. Joseph Fullonton, who is to perform the ceremony. In a few minutes the candidate appears and takes her place by their side. A solemn hush falls on the assembly, and they begin to sing. After the hymn, a prayer, at the close of which the candidate breathes a fervent "Amen."

The sun has gradually dropped behind the trees and in the soft light of the afterglow Joseph Babu begins to descend the steps, followed by

the candidate and the Bible Woman, Marian. All are silent, and solemnly, quietly, come the words spoken by the Preacher in the water: "Sorogini, on your confession of faith in Jesus Christ as your Saviour, I baptize you in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,"—and she is buried with Him in baptism. The rising out of the water is seen by some of us through a mist of tears, as we breathe with hearts overflowing with thankfulness. "In due season ye *shall* reap, if ye faint not."

What does it mean? Why should we be so deeply stirred? There, coming up the steps with her garments clinging to her, is the first fruit of the Widows' Home. "After many years"—at last the prayers of many faithful ones in the Home-land are rewarded and the fruit begins to appear. What matter all disappointment and heart-tears—forgotten now in the glad joy that comes welling up, a joy shared by the Angels, for they rejoice over one repentant sinner.

Sorogini is a young girl of sixteen or seventeen years—a Bengali whose home is in Calcutta. She ran away because of ill treatment and in some way managed to get to Balasore by train. She was found and brought to the Home by one of the Christians and from the first has seemed specially interested in the Gospel Story. Had there been no Widows' Home for her to come to one trembles to think what might have been her fate. About a month ago she asked for baptism and was examined by the Church Committee. Her answers concerning the hope which is in her were clear and intelligent and they passed her. She is the first fruits and there are others to follow.

Early one morning, some days later, the Pastor and some of the members of the Church Committee came to the Home. Another baptism was to take place—this time an old woman, the mother of a convert, who had been an inmate for some months. She was ill and feeble, but had pleaded to be baptized before she died. Her patience in suffering had been very marked—she knew where to get strength, and delighted to have the Bible read to her and be prayed with. We wondered how, in her feeble condition, she could be baptized, but she was so confident God would take care of her that it was decided she be carried by two of the women into the water. The Pastor first conducted a short service in the women's courtyard. It was an inspiring, solemn sight to see that dear old woman—a babe in Christ, yet so strong in faith—carried into the water and baptized. She knew she was not far from Heaven, and

that the Angels now rejoicing over her public confession of faith would soon be welcoming her in that land where there is no more pain or sickness or death.

The following Sunday, after service, another woman, Gurubari, was baptized and our cup of joy was overflowing. As we stood at the head of the steps watching her go down into the water, our mind travelled back two years to an evening just at the end of the rains. A woman and two children stood at the veranda steps. They had been sent by Mrs. Griffin from Santipur. Poor starved things! The mother's pinched face and emaciated form told of want and suffering, while the baby—a boy of eighteen months—was the worst looking piece of humanity we had ever seen. His face was drawn and wrinkled like an old man's, and almost every bone could be counted. The woman was a widow whose husband had died months before and she had tried in many ways to make a living for herself and two children. How poorly she had succeeded, one look sufficed to tell. At last, driven by hunger, she went to the Mission House and asked help of the missionaries, and Mrs. Griffin sent her to the Home. The elder boy was sent to the Boys' Orphanage, while Kena, the baby boy, stayed with his mother. We dared not give him all the food he craved and it was dreadful to see him, too weak to stand, crawl around the room and pick up anything he could find, even to little black ants, and eat them. Many times we despaired of his life, but he began to improve and now—The pressure of a little hand recalls us to our surroundings and we hear the solemn words in the water. We glance at the fine, sturdy, jolly boy of three and a half years, the pressure of whose hand has recalled us, but we fail to trace any resemblance to the little starvling we had seen with the mind's eye. Bright, interested and merry, he was watching his mother's baptism and we thanked God for what had been accomplished through the Widows' Home. Pray for them all that they may be kept faithful and grow in grace and knowledge; and that others may soon come forward and confess their faith in the Saviour.

M. E. DAWSON GRIMES.

Udayagiri, India.

Treasurer's Notes

Munich, Germany, July 30, 1910.

How I miss the home news! Not a word yet about the action of General Conference, and not even a word from Miss Porter telling me about the June receipts. She is always so prompt that I fear her letters

have gone astray. So you see I have nothing from which to gather facts regarding the work.

This I know, however, that when these notes are read, the autumn work is beginning. Then will be the time to see that a committee on new members is at work, asking all those who are not members, young and old, to become such. We are living in an age of intensely active missionary work, and we ought to consider it a privilege to have a part in it. If membership committees could only catch a vision of what is going on in non-Christian lands, they would, I feel sure, have so much enthusiasm as to create in people a desire to be members of our auxiliaries, particularly if they are given something to do. Give young women, especially, something to do. Make new auxiliaries of men and women, and divide the contributions between General Conference and the F. B. Woman's Missionary Society. Every church without auxiliaries should have one, and, I believe, when it can be made up of men and women it will be better for the work.

Since writing to the MISSIONARY HELPER we have travelled most of the time on the Continent. Two places that we have visited may be of especial interest to the readers of these notes. One is The Hague, in Holland. It is, to me, one of the most attractive cities we have visited. Its beautiful parks, the unpretentious palace of the lovely queen of Holland, Wilhelmina, the well-to-do air of all classes, the cosmopolitan spirit of the people and the atmosphere of peace and good will that seems to pervade the place make The Hague a fit spot for Peace Conferences. Of course we visited the palace where the first conference was held. It is located in a very peaceful spot, facing a beautiful park. Our guide was a young woman who took us through room after room filled with treasures from different parts of the world, and finally ushered us into the room where the peace commissioners held their first meetings. The walls are covered with paintings by pupils of Rubens. She called our attention to a very interesting painting on one of the doors through which the commissioners entered. It was a double door, with a figure representing strength on one side and wisdom on the other, and over the two, just where the two sides parted, was a crowned figure of peace entering. This was painted in the seventeenth century—in the twentieth century peace entered! We saw the spot where the Peace building is being erected.

The other place is Oberammergau. We approached it from Munich through a beautiful valley, with the lofty Bavarian Alps on both sides. As the train moved slowly along through this peaceful spot it all seemed a fit setting for Oberammergau and the Passion Play. This little village is quaint. In spite of the foreign invasion yearly, and especially in every ten years, when two hundred thousand or more see the Play, the natives keep much of their simplicity of manners and customs. The Christus gets his living as a potter, and Peter as a wood carver, and the cows come home at night through the village streets. The little wayside shrines, with the large cross at the top of a high mountain peak, that hangs over the village like a protecting spirit, create a religious atmosphere in harmony with the play, which brings the large crowds together twice a week during these summer days. The theatre where the play is given holds over 5,000 people, and, on the day we witnessed it, every seat was taken and hundreds stood.

The Passion Play begins promptly at eight o'clock in the morning, closing at five-thirty-five at night, with an intermission of two hours at noon. It begins with a prelude, followed by a tableau emblematic of the Fall; the first scene is the entry of Jesus into Jerusalem, and the last is the Ascension. It is given in German, but with the aid of an English translation, one can easily follow the play, though I think one unacquainted with the German language loses somewhat the spirit of the actors.

It is generally agreed that it is a wonderful performance, though, doubtless, each person who sees it admires some parts more than others. This is not the place to speak of the play itself, nor of the actors.

The Passion Play has been performed in the little village for a long time, and "is the pious recognition of a miraculous interposition for the stay of pestilence," and the listener feels the religious atmosphere around it. This is evidenced by the fact that, from the beginning to the end, not a cheer was given, even though there were tableaux, especially, that would naturally evoke them. At the close an attempt was made to cheer, but, getting no response from the audience, the cheer soon died away.

I think there is no question but it is treated as a deeply religious play by the actors generally, as well as received as such by the audiences that listen to it. And yet—here I hesitate lest my words should be misunderstood—I came away with the feeling that, the fact that this people can

give this play, week after week, to a crowded house (even though the money consideration does not, I believe, play a very important part) and that travellers from all over the world can go to see it,—a play dramatizing the most deeply religious event in the world's history—indicate a change in the world's attitude toward it. What is that change? I leave the theologian to answer the question.

Instinctively I contrast Oberammergau and its Passion Play, and The Hague and its Peace Conference, and I hear the Master, "Flesh and blood profiteth nothing," and "My Peace I give unto you."

We spent twenty-four hours at Oberammergau after the people had gone and the village was quiet and still. What a happy day it was! And both felt we would like to spend a week there and be cared for as we were, by a kind and thoughtful village woman who was a member of the chorus ten years ago.

Through these hurrying, busy days we have been providentially kept, and hope all our home friends are well and enjoying the summer.

"God watch between me and thee while we are absent one from another."

LAURA A. DEMERITTE.

Assistant Treasurer's Notes

General Conference has come and gone. Wasn't it a pleasure to meet personally those whom we had known only by name?

The aggressiveness of the West finds expression in its workers. As they came to us, aggressive, alert and cordial, we judge them to be doers of the word, not hearers only.

While General Conference was a mount of opportunity and inspiration—though to many a mount of sacrifice—it was also one of knowledge—knowledge of the urgent needs of both our home and foreign fields. Let us emphasize "*our*," inasmuch as the portion of the Master's work which has become particularly ours, is ours still. We alone are responsible for it.

The decision for co-operation is but a step toward a unity of effort, which it is anticipated shall make for greater accomplishment in Christian work. Have we doubted? Let us trust in God to work out His plan. Have we been faithful? Let us enlarge upon our faithfulness.

In a letter accompanying her Thank-Offering, Mrs. Miles of Tripoli, Iowa, expresses regret at her inability to be at Ocean Park during Gen-

eral Conference and in closing, says: "Trusting that the year closed with financial success, and that all obeyed Mal. 3:10, that thus the promise of the Lord may be fulfilled and He open the windows of Heaven and pour us out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it. As we read this, we think of Dr. Sally's sermon at Ocean Park, and his strong emphasis upon Christian love—love expanding into sacrifice—and we see indifference and inaction flee before it, and from the ongoing and outgoing of the Christian life comes this promised blessing.

It is not cheering or encouraging to make comparisons this month: July, 1910—\$416.71. July, 1909—\$1,028.10. To be sure, last year's total for July contained two personal gifts of one hundred and three hundred each, but even then we are still below the amount for general contributions.

South Portland Juniors take one share in Miss Barnes' salary; Steep Falls, Me., Light Bearers contribute two dollars toward one share; West Bowdoin Auxiliary and Kingston, Mich., Juniors each take one, and Manton, Mich., Sunday School contributes \$1.50. The more we strengthen our work with the young people, the more assured our future workers and the work of our society.

EDYTHE R. PORTER.

45 Andover St., Peabody, Mass.

In this great City, State and Nation, previous to the founding of the Blind Babies' Home, in Brooklyn, in 1905, by Mrs. Cynthia Westover Alden, President of the International Sunshine Society, nothing had been done to give proper care and instruction to blind children of the poor under eight years of age, at which time they could be admitted to the Blind Asylums. Their little imprisoned souls languished in darkness except for the merely accidental gleam of light admitted through other senses, unaided by instruction or even by sympathy in many cases. Some of them were sent to the idiot department on Randall's Island, the only place of shelter this City had for dependent blind babies—there to grow up in helpless imbecility, a public charge and a public disgrace.

There is a courtesy of the heart; it is allied to love. From it springs the purest courtesy in the outward behavior.—*Goethe*.

Helps for Monthly Meetings

"Facts are the fingers of God. To know the facts of modern missions is the necessary condition of intelligent interest."



Topics for 1910—1911

September—Western Women in Eastern Lands:	1. A Story of Beginnings.
October—	2. Woman's Life in the Orient.
November—	3. The Story of Manifold Undertakings.
December—Our Foreign Fields.	
January—	4. The Women Behind the Work.
February—Prayer and Praise.	
March—Home Missions.	
April—	5. The New Woman in the Orient.
May—Thank Offering.	
June—	6. Problems and Policies.
July—Missionary Field Day.	

September—A Story of Beginnings

When Christ begins to uplift a race the evidence of it is seen in the position and education of woman.—*Missionary Review*.

SUGGESTIVE PROGRAM.

OPENING EXERCISES.

BIBLE READING—Refer to Text-book, page 40.

PAPER—The Background of Social and Religious Forces.

STORIES of the several local organizations, told by different members.

THE STORY of the beginning of our own mission work. See History of the Free Baptist Woman's Missionary Society, by Mary A. Davis, Chapters one and two.

QUESTIONS—(Previously assigned) Refer to text-book, page 39.

PRAYER.

THE MISSIONARY HELPER BRANCH

OF THE

International Sunshine Society

Have you had a kindness shown?
Pass it on.
'Twas not given for you alone—
Pass it on.

Let it travel down the years,
Let it wipe another's tears,
Till in heaven the deed appears
Pass it on.



All letters, packages, or inquiries concerning this page or sunshine work, should be addressed to Mrs. Rivington D. Lord, 593 Bedford Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., president of this branch.

We are pleased to report the following responses to our call for the Fresh Air Fund: \$2.00 from the Ladies' Missionary Auxiliary of the Jefferson Street Free Baptist Church of Biddeford, Maine. \$1.00 from Mrs. Florence E. Edgecomb "to send some little children for an outing." Gift from a grandmother who modestly withholds her name. Money from another member who is always doing kind acts, one of which has been helping financially an invalid sunshiner; \$1.00 from a Friend, \$1.00 from Mrs. Eliza Crane, \$1.00 from Mrs. Cylinda Douglass. An aged sister, Mrs. Elizabeth O. Hines, has remembered the needs of the children with a gift of \$2.00. Another sister over eighty years old, Mrs. Lucretia Morey, sent \$1.00 for "Sunshine Work."

Mrs. Emma Morgan has collected from neighbors and friends \$3.00, two dollars to be used for the Blind Babies and one dollar for the Fresh Air Fund. Miss Kathryn Mallary, Secretary of the Star Workers' Club, reports that the club held a sale of fancy articles, cake and candy, and raised \$40.00 which they have given especially for the benefit of sick children. We are greatly indebted to this noble band of young ladies as, in addition to this, they have given most generously to our work in the past.

Miss Bessie Kemp has given five dollars for this part of our work. Mrs. G. F. Dodge is doing practical fresh air work as she takes two needy children into her lovely country home for a fortnight; she gave \$1.00 for Mothers' Outings, and post cards. Mrs. Libbie Skeels has also taken a fresh air boy from the city into her home, and has given \$1.00 for "children's outings." Miss Lillian G. Smith a "mite" to send a mother and her baby for a day at the sea shore. Mrs. Lewis Wist, an invalid member, who is passing through great sorrow, has given \$1.00 for I. S. S. work. Mrs. M. A. Preston gave \$1.00, half for F. A. fund and half for the Blind Babies, in the name of her little grandson, Selden. Mrs. William B. Alverson, \$1.00 for the Arthur Blind Babies' Home at Summit, N. J. Miss Annie L. Brooks also gave \$1.00 for our new Blind Babies' Home in New Jersey.

Mrs. S. A. Kelsey with her usual thoughtfulness gave for our F. A. work and several stamped Boston post cards. Miss Susie J. Farwell, a shut-in for the past six years, is scattering sunshine as well as receiving it from others. She gave postage stamps for our Branch needs. Mrs. Ella W. Walker, twenty-five cents "for the comfort of children."

Carrie Weymouth of Troy, Maine, has been enrolled as a Branch member for her kindness to others. A package has been received from Mrs. C. E. Young which contained a handkerchief, work bag, silk pieces, embroidery silks, and yeast cake labels. Mrs. Lulu Carton has presented an artificial arm to the International Sunshine Sanitarium at Bensonhurst, L. I.

Practical Christian Living

"Eternal God, may Thy love make me lovely! May all unloveliness pass out of my spirit by the inflowing of Thy grace! Graciously refine me into true nobility, and make me a worthy child of the Altogether Lovely."



OUR QUIET HOUR

(10 A. M.)

These are the gifts I ask
Of Thee, Spirit serene:
Strength for the daily task,
Courage to face the road,
Good cheer to help me bear the trav-
eler's load,
And, for the hour of rest that comes
between
An inward joy in all things heard and
seen.

These are the sins I fain
Would have Thee take away:
Malice and cold disdain,
Hot anger, sullen hate,
Scorn of the lowly, envy of the great,
And discontent that casts a shadow
gray
On all the brightness of a common
day.

—Henry Van Dyke.

Communion produces likeness. This even now is the test of our friendship with the Lord. Are we assimilating His mind, His way of looking at things, His judgments, His spirit? Is the Christ-conscience being developed in us? Have we an increasing interest in the things which interest Him, an increasing love of the things that He loves, an increasing desire to serve the purposes He has at heart? "Ye are my friends if ye do whatsoever I command you," is the test by which we can try ourselves. Fellowship with Him, being much in His company, thinking of Him, seeking to please Him, will produce likeness, and bring us together on more intimate terms. For, as love leads to the desire for fuller fellowship, so fellowship leads to a deeper love. . . . To know ourselves ever before a living, loving Presence, having a constant sense of Christ abiding in us, taking Him with us into the market-place, into our business and our pleasure, to have Him as our familiar friend in joy and sorrow, in gain and loss, in success and failure, must in accord-

ance with all psychological law, be a source of strength, lifting life to a higher level of thought, and feeling, and action. Supposing it were true and possible, it would naturally be the strongest force in the world, the most effective motive that could be devised; it would affect the whole moral outlook, and make some things easy now deemed impossible, and make some things impossible now to our shame too easy. Supposing this covenant with God were true, and we knew ourselves to have such a Lover of our soul, it would as a matter of course, give us deeper and more serious views of human life, and yet take away from us the burden and the unrest of life. . . . The human means of communication is prayer, though we limit it sadly. Prayer is not an act of worship merely, the bending of the knee on set occasions, and offering petitions in need. It is an attitude of soul, opening the life on the Godward side, and keeping free communication with the world of spirit. And so it is possible to pray always, and to keep our friendship ever green and sweet; and God comes back upon the life, as dew upon the thirsty ground. There is an interchange of feeling, a responsiveness of love, a thrill of mutual friendship. . . . The great appeal of Christian faith is to Christian experience. Loving Christ is its own justification, as every loving heart knows. Life evidences itself; the existence of light is its own proof. The power of Christ on the heart needs no other argument than itself. Men only doubt when the life has died out, and the light has waned, and flickered, and spent itself. It is when there is no sign of the spirit in our midst, no token of forces beyond the normal and the usual, that we can deny the spirit. It is when faith is not in evidence that we can dispute faith. It is when love is dead that we can question love. The Christian faith is not a creed, but a life; not a proposition but a passion. Love is its own witness to the soul that loves; communion is its own attestation to the spirit that lives in fellowship. The man who lives with Jesus knows Him to be a Lover that cleaves closer than a brother, a Friend that loveth at all times, and a Brother born for adversity. . . . We can enter into Friendship through the door of Discipleship; we can learn love through service; and the day will come to us also when the Master's word will be true, "I call you no longer servant, but I call you friend." His love will take possession of us. . . . To be called *friends* by our Master, to know Him as the Lover of our souls, to give Him entrance to our hearts, is to learn the meaning of living, and to experience the ecstasy of living. The Higher Friendship is bestowed without money and without price, and is open to every heart responsive to God's great love.

"'Tis only heaven that is given away,
'Tis God alone may be had for the asking."

—*Hugh Black.*

Words from Home Workers

"Work is only done well when it is done with a will."

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—I read in the last *HELPER* a request for the Auxiliaries to tell how they spent Field Day, so I will give a little report of how the Hills Home and Foreign Missionary Society of Dover, N. H., observed the occasion. We did not have a "program." We planned for an outing and sociability. And that is just what we had. One of our faithful and efficient members, Mrs. Nellie Hooper, invited the society to her home, which is out of the city only far enough for plenty of room, fresh air and a fine view. Mrs. Hooper opened wide her house as well, and Mr. Hooper did full share as helper and host. There were games for those who cared for them and a river and woods nearby for the nature lovers. Some of the ladies carried sewing or fancy work to keep their hands busy while they chatted with friends on the comfortable veranda. Within the adjoining parlor our pastor entertained with selections on the graphophone. When the right time arrived there were willing hands to assist about the dinner, towards which each guest had contributed something. Four long tables, borrowed from the church, were set under a large tent, and settees placed around. Here dinner was served to about forty people; meanwhile there was a good time in general. Afterwards we assembled in the shade of a large tree for a group picture. We spent the whole day at this delightful place and took home with us pleasant memories. Unless you know a better way for a pleasure day, try our way.

ONE WHO WAS THERE.

MICHIGAN.—The Missionary Society at West Kinderhook was organized twenty years ago with five charter members, two of whom have gone to their reward, Sister Julia Jones and Sister Howes; both were faithful, earnest workers. Four presidents have presided: Miss Eliza Purdy, Mrs. A. Strong, Mrs. Ida Cole and Mrs. Zena Whitcomb. The society was never more prosperous and spiritual than now. There are from twenty-five to forty in attendance in the fall and winter months,

when we serve dinners and the gentlemen attend. Have usually had twelve meetings each year for the twenty years. At times the interest has been low, but nearly always it has been a spiritual uplift to the church and community. We have observed the Thank-Offering for several years with a good program, ladies over 60 years old taking part, singing, reading, writing and reciting, all being a great credit to the work. At the last one, in May, \$15.13 was the offering. We meet all our apportionments and are now supporting a native worker in India. We aim also to look after those who are needy at our door. Our pastor, Rev. E. W. Hughs, and his wife, have a deep interest in the mission work and are in full sympathy with all our plans. Would that all societies had the help and encouragement in this respect that this one has. Some who do not belong are among our best workers and a good spirit seems to prevail. We give the blessed Master the glory of the grand opportunities for doing good. Have raised about \$1,000, besides having a Ladies' Aid where we all work unanimously together for our great cause, the Glory of God, and to try to bring all to know that a closer walk and talk with him pays.

A. B. B.

May every soul that touches mine—
Be it the slightest contact—get therefrom some good,
Some little grace, one kindly thought,
One inspiration yet unfelt, one bit of courage
For the darkening sky, one gleam of faith
To brave the thickening ills of life,
One glimpse of brighter skies beyond the gathering mists,
To make this life worth while,
And heaven a surer heritage.

—Selected.

We need a revival of beneficence. It should almost become obligatory upon Christians to give.—*President J. H. Barrows.*

Missionary dollars are little wheels of hope,
Rolling into darkness where weary heathen grope.
Rolling over many lands, to many troubled hearts,
Bearing gospel tidings—lo! misrep departs.
Bearing sweetness, peace, and joy—great redemption's song.
'Tis your duty, hearer, to help roll the wheels along.

C. F. Ladd, in Exchange.

Juniors

oo

How We Helped

I made lots of stitches
In a patchwork square.
Hardest work I ever
Did, too, I declare.

I can't sew, but grandma
Holders made for me;
These I sold to carry
Help where need may be.

I shelled beans for Jesus,
(Papa said I might);
So my little fingers
Made a shilling bright.

My mamma, to help me,
Bottled up some ink;
I've sold seventy cents' worth!
Now what do you think?

Out of aunt's pansies
I've picked every weed,
And she's going to give me
All I sell of seed.

I can 'muse the baby
When he wants to play.
Many a shining penny
I have made this way.

Sometimes I run errands
Over 'cross the street;
Earn my mission money
Helping older feet.

—Selected.

The Finding Out Club

This is the title of the delightful new text-book for Juniors. Doubtless our Superintendents are already familiar with it and have read its Suggestions to Leaders. It would be well to call the children together this month, tell them the plan, organize the club, order the books, get each Junior started in "finding out" something for the October meeting, and collecting for future use pictures, curios, maps, flags, views, costumes or pictures of costumes—anything, in fact, that will help make the meetings wide-awake and sparkling. Appoint one member to find some story, game, poem or bit of news from the Field, from the MISSIONARY HELPER, each month. Subscribe for one copy, at least, of the new magazine for boys and girls, *Everyland*—the world-wide news, stories and illustrations will be interesting and inspirational and the members can take turns in reading and culling from it. You will find the senior text-book, "Western Women in Eastern Lands," of great service, and can easily adapt its historical sketches to the needs of the club. In the first meeting tell the story of our own first National Woman's

Missionary Society for which you will find material in the History of the Free Baptist Woman's Missionary Society, Chapter 2, by Mrs. Mary A. Davis. In sending to Mrs. A. D. Chapman, 12 Prescott St., Lewiston, Me., for the Junior text-book, "The Finding Out Club," (20 cents) and *Everyland* (50 cents per year), ask for a catalog of leaflets furnished by the Bureau, so you can keep in touch with supplies you may need from time to time.

And so God-speed to you, Superintendents and Juniors! May you have a happy year, and find out many things that will help you all, and us all, and show us how to help one another and the "regions beyond" for many a day.—Editor.

The Game of "Snake's Tale"

The Japanese children have a little game they get a great deal of fun out of, called "The Snake's Tail." A similar game is known in Europe, under the name of "The Ribbon's End."

In order to play it, you arrange all the players in a line according to size, from the biggest down to the littlest. Each one puts his hands on the shoulders of the one in front of him, and the smallest child thus becomes the snake's tail. The game is then for the biggest child, or "head," to catch the "tail," without any one taking his hands from the next one's shoulders.

While the "head" tries in every way to catch the "tail," the players forming the body of the snake try to prevent this by doubling and turning. Every time the "head" starts in the direction of the "tail," the whole snake writhes its "tail" as far away as possible, but it must not break in two.

You can adopt the rule, if you want to, that any player who takes his hands off the next one's shoulders must move to the tail, and that the tail when caught becomes the head. In that case you have to give up having the players arranged according to size, but it passes the fun around better. This is a fine game for school recess or at home.—*Selected.*

Band leaders will find "Discovery Parties" both popular and profitable. The music may consist of the national airs of many lands, *i. e.*, "Austria," "Portuguese Hymn," etc. Stories or papers on various foreign products may be read, the products chosen being among the refreshments of the day. Here is a suggested menu:

Lemonade (from the South)
 Olive Sandwiches (Olives from California)
 Brazil Nuts with Cream Cheese in Sandwiches (South America)
 Smyrna Figs (Smyrna)
 Japanese fans can usually be bought for a cent or two each, and may be given as favors.—*Over Sea and Land.*

Contributions

F. B. WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY

Receipts for July, 1910

MAINE

Aroostook Conf	\$ 11 30
Acton & Milton Mills W M S T O	34 38
Bowdoinham Ridge Aux T O for Storer	22 50
Bowdoinham T O from Mrs Emily J Kendall for Storer	5 00
Biddeford Jefferson St Ch Aux C R 9 25; T O for C F 16 00; Mrs Sarah Hill for L M and to finish Lincoln Hall 34 00	60 25
Dover & Foxcroft Aux T O	10 18
Kingfield Aux T O	8 00
No Lebanon Aux T O	7 50
No Lebanon Aux dues Miss Coombs	5 50
Patten Mrs Ellen R Hunt yearly dues	1 05
So Portland F B Ch Jrs for Miss Barnes	4 00
Springfield Q M	2 00
Steep Falls Aux C R Rally 7 00; A L B Miss Barnes 2 00; Child Day Coll 1 23	10 23
Saco Cutts Avenue Ch Miss Coombs	5 00
Wells Branch Ch for Pres Home	7 00
W Bowdoin Aux Miss Baanes' sal'y 4 00; Miss Coombs' sal'y 9 00; Mr Hamilton's sal'y 15 20; S S for support Jarlo 5 00	33 20

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Ashland Aux T O 10 00 Hindu Girls Sch Mid; 4 60	\$ 14 60
Dover W M S addl T O	35
Dover W M S Miss Crissa Mathes	2 00

MASSACHUSETTS

Lowell Chelmsford St Ch C R	\$ 4 45
Lowell Paige St W M S for sal'y Sagrinat teacher	25 00
Medford Mrs J W Doe	14 76

NEW YORK

Gibson Q M W M S for native teacher	\$ 4 00
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PENNSYLVANIA

Spring Creek Ch W M S for F M	\$ 5 00
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INDIANA

Badger W M S for zen teacher's sal'y July 14 1910-1911	\$ 25 00
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MICHIGAN

Gennessee Q M Mrs E N Wheeler T O	\$ 5 00
Kingston Jrs Pledge 1910	4 00
Manton Aux Dr B 1.20; HM 1.20; Storer 60c	3 00
Manton S S Miss Barnes	1 50
Waverly Ch Dr B 64c; HM 64c; Storer 62c	1 60
Waverly Ch C E for sal'y of Duri	6 25
W Oshtemo DrB 1.20; HM 1.20; Storer 60c	3 00
W Oshtemo T O	3 66
W Oshtemo Q M Coll Dr B 1.42; HM 1.42; Storer 71c	3 55

MINNESOTA

Nashville Centre Aux apportionment for C F	\$ 3 00
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IOWA

Curlew F B Ch W M S 6.80; T O for C F; 4.50 Iov o W M S appor	\$ 11 30
Tripoli Mrs Carrie Miles T O for C F	25 00

KANSAS

Hickory Grove Ch C R Offering	\$ 3 60
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Total for July, 1910 \$416 71

Total for July, 1909 \$1028 10

NOTE:—Mrs Carrie Purinton, Topsham, Maine is made L M in Gen Soc'y also Miss Nellie McCoy and Mrs MacBoley by Hillsboro, Iowa

Laura A. DEMERITTE, Treas.
Dover, N. H.

Per EDYTH R. PORTER, Asst. Treas.

FORM OF BEQUEST

I give and bequeath the sum of —— to the Free Baptist Woman's Missionary Society, incorporated under the laws of the State of Maine.